

Rich. Euen so, and please your Wotship *Brakenbury*, You may partake of any thing we say: We speake no Treason man; We say the King Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not icalious. We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pasing pleasing tongue: And that the *Queenes* Kindred are made gentle Folkes. How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris *Shore*? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband *Knaue*, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbear Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cl. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the *Queenes* abiects, and must obey. Brother, farewell, I will vnto the King, And whatsoe're you will employ me in, Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister, I will performe it to infranchise you. Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliver you, or else lye for you: Meane time, haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce: Farewell.

Exit Cl.

Rich. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne're return: Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so, That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen, If Heauen will take the present at our hands. But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine: Well are you welcome to this open Ayre, How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too, For they that were your Enemies, are his, And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd, Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home: The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly, And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed. O he hath kept an euill Diet long, And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person: 'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye, Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.

He in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*, With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments, And if I faile not in my deepe intent, *Clarence* hath not another day to liue: Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy, And leaue the world for me to busle in. For then, He marry *Warwicks* yongest daughter, What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father, The readiest way to make the *Wench* amends, Is to become her Husband, and her Father: The which will I, not all so much for loue, As for another secret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach vnto. But yet I run before my horse to Market: *Clarence* still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes, When they are gone, then must I count my gaires. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixth with Halberds to guard, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load, If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse; Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster. Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King, Pale Athes of the House of Lancaster; Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood, Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost, To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*, Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Sonne; Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds, Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life, I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes, O cursed be the hand that made these holes: Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it: Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence: More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch That makes vs wretched by the death of thee, Then I can wish to *Wolues*, to *Spiders*, to *Toades*, Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues, If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it, Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light, Whose vgly and vnaturall Aspect May fright the hopefull Mother at the view, And that be Heyre to his unhappinesse. If euer he haue Wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of him, Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee. Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy Lode, Taken from *Paules*, to be interred there. And still as you are weary of this waight, Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,

To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,

He make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,

Stand'st thou when I commaund:

Aduaunce thy Halbert higher then my brest,

Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,

And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,

And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;

Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,

His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone,

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Diuell,

For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:

If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,

Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,

Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of fowle Deformitie:

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.

Thy Deeds inhumane and vnaturall,

Prouokes this Deluge most vnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:

O Earth! which this Blood drinkest, reuenge his death:

Either Hea' with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,

As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,

Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,

Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,

No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:

Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)

Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue

By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)

Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue

By circumstance, to curse thy curst Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient seysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,

Thou canst make no excuse currant,

But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.

An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excus'd,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,

That didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine:

But dead they are, and diuellish slauers by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband,

An. Why then he is aliue.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by *Edwards* hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,

Queene *Margaret* saw

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:

The which, thou once didst bend against her brest,

But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon me

An. Thou wast prouoked

That neuer dream'st on ought

Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'st grant me Hed?

Then God graunt me too

Thou may'st be damned for't

O he was gentle, milde, and

Rich. The better for the King

An. He is in heauen, where

Rich. Let him thanke me

ther:

For he was fitter for that place

An. And thou visit for a

Rich. Yes one place else, i

An. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber

An. Ill rest betide the ch

Rich. So will it Madam, t

An. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gen

To leaue this keene encounte

And fall somethings into a slo

Is not the cause of the timel

Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henrie*

As blamefull as the Execution

An. Thou wast the cause

Rich. Your beauty was th

Your beauty, that did haunc

To vndertake the death of al

So I might liue one houre in

An. If I thought that, I t

These Nails should rent th

Rich. These eyes could n

You should not blemish it, if

As all the world is cheared by

So I by that: It is my day, m

An. Blacke night ore-sha

Rich. Curse not thy selfe fa

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to b

Rich. It is a quarrell mo

To be reueng'd on him that l

An. It is a quarrell iust an

To be reueng'd on him that k

Rich. He that bereft the L

Did it to helpe thee to a bette

An. His better doth not b

Rich. He liues, that loues t

An. Name him.

Rich. *Plantagenet*.

An. Why that was he.

Rich. The selfesame name,

An. Where is he?

Rich. Heere:

Why dost thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mort

Rich. Neuer came poyson

An. Neuer hung poyson

Out of my sight, thou dost in

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet

An. Would they were B

Rich. I would they were,

For now they kill me with a

Those eyes of thine, from mi